

Wings Of The Wind

Bellamy Brothers

Searching for meaning sure can leave you cold
Calling out for comfort can turn a young man old
Standing at the crossroads gets to be a full time job
Believing can be like facing an angry mob
But I will not lose face in my sweet Lord

On the wings of the wind he will carry us home
Til our journey will end on heaven's shore
Will his life for safe passage We will never more roam
We will fly to him on the wings on the wing

My back against the wall staring at the end
Howling like a mongel praying for a friend
Then I feel his pressence setting my soul free
Battling the devil just to keep him away from me
I know in my heart I'm not alone

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